

from painfully shy to aggressive and he became a risk taker—it was frightening. His mother took him to many neurologists but nobody could help. It seemed like there was no way to fix his injured brain. Corey then became depressed and got into drugs. He went in and out of the Brattleboro retreat in Vermont, including a period during which he went to school there until he started committing crimes and got caught up in the legal system, which never seems to help. This cycle was hard to watch because there was nothing his mother could do to help him, even though she tried everything: different therapists, medications, specialists, etc. In September, he started using heroin and fell in love with a girl. Some time after that, they decided to get clean together and admitted themselves into rehab in Boston. His mother picked Corey up on Christmas Eve so he could come and spend the holidays in Massachusetts with his family. His mother never seen him so happy.

One day, Corey called his mother around 5 o'clock and asked her to wire him some money for laundry and snacks. He had only been in the step-down unit for a few days after spending three weeks in a secure treatment facility. He had more freedom in the sober house—he was getting himself to and from meetings and appointments. He took the money his mother sent him and used it to buy drugs. Corey's roommate found him unresponsive. They did manage to revive him a couple of hours later but he never regained consciousness. Corey was brain-dead for three days before he was removed from life-support on February 1, 2014. Corey died of an unintentional overdose.

WILLIAM "WILL" HEAD WILLIAMS—NEW YORK,
NEW YORK

William Head Williams died of an accidental overdose shortly before his 24th birthday. Two years before his death, his parents first became aware that their son was using heroin. At the time William was already seeing a psychotherapist and over the next two years his family added various additional support systems to help William's struggle. These included an addiction psychiatrist, outpatient treatment, treatment with Suboxone, inpatient detox, inpatient treatment, outpatient treatment, outpatient detox, treatment with Vivitrol, more outpatient treatment, another inpatient treatment, more outpatient treatment, well over a dozen trips to and from the emergency rooms of at least four different hospitals, an attempt to work with another addiction psychiatrist, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Narcotics Anonymous. A home life fraught with tension, despair, sometimes hopeful during intermittent periods of sobriety, and always filled with the apprehension of misfortune. That apprehension became fact when William accidentally overdosed. Six weeks of comatose and/or heavily medicated hospitalization followed before the ultimate realization that William was consigned to a persistent vegetative state.

As a family, William's parents struggled from the beginning to find both their own support system and ways to engage and encourage William in recovery. In the beginning, they kept William's and their battle to themselves, in the interest of protecting his privacy and their own. William still had career goals and ambitions that could be thwarted with heroin use on his "résumé." While it's harder for them to admit, William's parents also kept quiet out of some sense of embarrassment or shame.

Over the course of time, with the help of addiction counselors, and sharing their circumstance at Al-Anon in particular, William's parents came to understand that they were not alone. There were, in fact, many

families like them, negotiating their response to addiction: discovering what they were powerless over, battling for the courage to confront what they could control, and, at least in their case, fighting desperately to distinguish between the two. There was and is relief in knowing that others suffer the same struggle, zigzagging along a tortuous path, enduring dead ends in hope of a solution, bravely putting in the work to realize a more promising and serene future. Yet, their story and others remained anonymous, pit stops at an emotional leper colony, quite separate from a world racing on.

Out of choice and necessity, when William's parents chose to remove him from life support, they offered William's story to virtually everyone they knew in the days just prior to his death and in the interim before his memorial service. In return, more and more people surrendered their personal horrors to the family. From even the most reserved and private came narratives of heroin overdoses, cocaine abuse, weeks and months in rehab, alcohol relapse, addiction to pills. Addiction is, as the Williams family has learned, a family disease. The number of stories they have heard of wives, daughters, fathers, sons, nieces, nephews, brothers and sisters—not in counseling or therapy scenarios, but from people who recognize their pain and somehow want to comfort them, or to comfort themselves through them, is staggering.

DALTON WOMACK—LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Dalton was born September 20, 1991. Anyone who was lucky enough to meet Dalton will never forget him. He had a smile that was absolutely contagious—you couldn't help but feel good when he was around and in good spirits. Dalton's love for children was always present. He could relate to children like no one else; he cared about how they felt and also he cared for them in a way that they knew Dalton was a friend.

The respect Dalton gave to the elderly was admirable. He would go out of his way to open a door, walk someone to their car, or carry their groceries. It was his nature to help others. Dalton did whatever was needed without even blinking an eye.

Dalton was a friend to anyone he would meet—in other words, he never met a stranger. Music was in his soul and he loved it more than anything (other than being with his friends and family). Dalton was a caring person and gave everything he could; on many occasions right down to his last dollar—he would go without it just to make sure someone else had what they needed. He lived his life unselfish and had a huge heart.

Before his family knew it, Dalton was struggling with addiction. His addiction started off small and became more powerful; bigger than they could ever imagine. His family had countless conversations but nothing seemed to help; therefore, they turned to treatment.

Dalton's family's worst fear came on July 8, 2016; the dreaded phone call that every parent hates but knows at some point might come. Dalton was gone. Not just out of town, not just going to the store and be back later but gone. He died at the hands of a steering wheel, with addiction gripping him. He was by himself, all alone.

His family received the news from the emergency room doctor and chaplain—the conversation still plays over and over in their head. The pain today still hurts as if it were yesterday and probably will forever. But one thing they know to be true, if Dalton and the many others could have the opportunity to look ahead and see how tragic life could end with addiction, maybe just maybe things would be different. Hell isn't six feet under; Hell is loving and missing a son who had addiction.

TRIBUTE TO THE RONALD McDONALD HOUSE CHARITIES OF CENTRAL IOWA

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa for its 35 years of service to families in need.

Since opening its doors in August of 1981, Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa has provided a "home away from home" for over 10,000 families whose children are undergoing medical treatment. In 2011 alone, the 12-room facility provided a home for over 400 families from 71 of Iowa's 99 counties and 10 other states. Families are asked to contribute a nominal fee each night, but if they cannot afford to do so, they are not turned away. The philosophy at the Ronald McDonald House in Des Moines is that one of the best medicines for a severely ill child is the love of their family right by their side during challenging times. It is humbling to see the widespread support from Iowa businesses and individuals that keep the doors open at the Ronald McDonald House of Central Iowa.

Mr. Speaker, I commend the Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Iowa for its 35 years of serving families under the most difficult of circumstances. I ask that my colleagues in the United States House of Representatives join me in congratulating them and wishing nothing but the best.

IN HONOR OF THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FLOATING HOSPITAL

HON. CAROLYN B. MALONEY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mrs. CAROLYN B. MALONEY of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the 150th anniversary of The Floating Hospital (TFH), located in Long Island City, New York, in the district I am privileged to represent. TFH was founded in 1866 with the goal: "To afford relief to the sick children of the poor of the City of New York without regard to creed, color, or nationality." Today, TFH serves thousands of victims of domestic violence, homeless families, and public housing residents.

Though it is a land-based organization today, TFH derives its name from the series of ships which housed the hospital and regularly sailed through New York Harbor, providing children and their caregivers with recreational opportunities on board, as well as healthcare services, health and nutrition education, and a respite from an overcrowded city. The idea was inaugurated by George F. Williams, a managing editor at The New York Times, when he saw newsboys being forced off the grass in City Hall Park by police and ordered to stay on the walkways where the hot concrete burned their feet. Their plight inspired him to appeal to the Times's readership to donate money for a boat trip for newsboys and bootblacks. These trips soon became more regular and were taken over by St. John's